Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thoght he not too long;
And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden
Wreten in here book.
Ne haddé the appil také ben,
The appil taken ben,
Ne haddé never our lady
A ben hevené quene.
Blesséd be the time
That appil také was.
Therefore we moun singen
"Deo gracias."

CAROL FROM THE SLOANE MS.

signet

WINTER 1965

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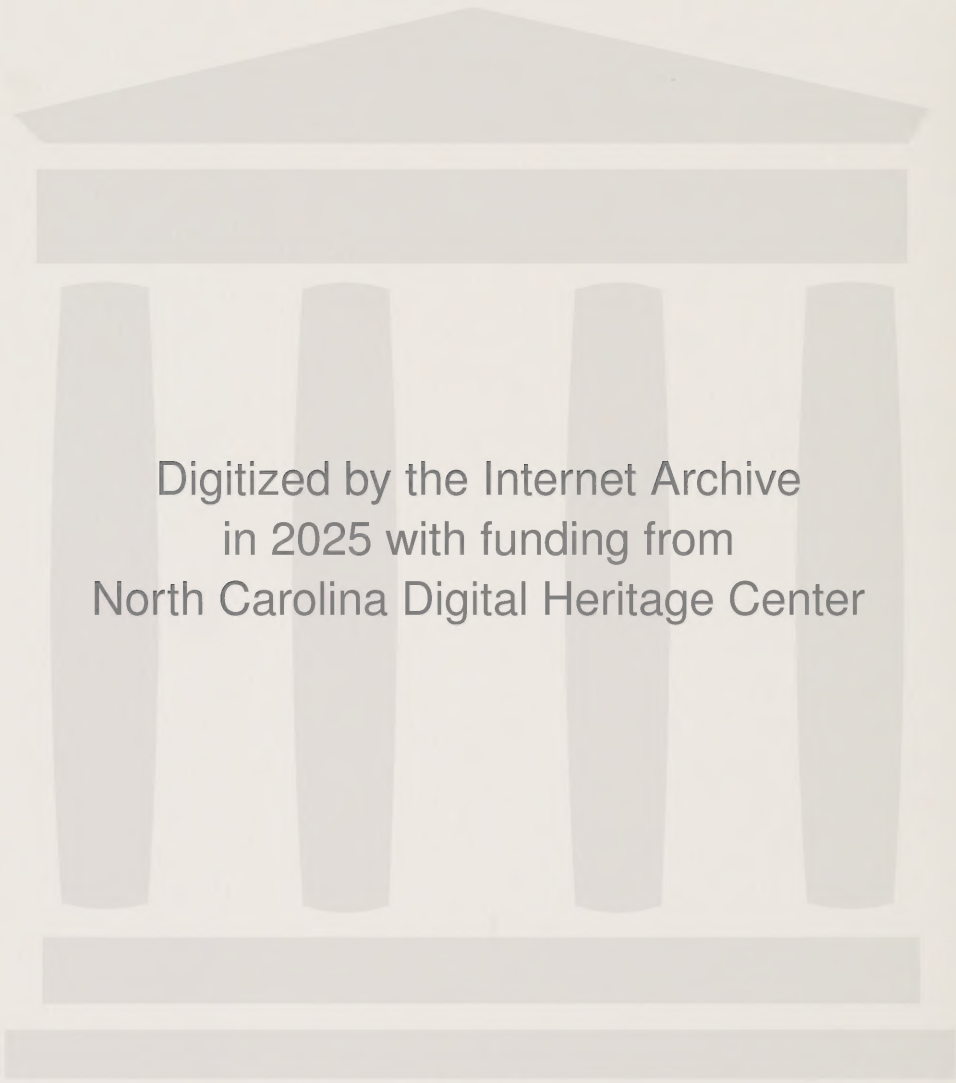
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Theoretical Considerations

Mary Lou Poot

*This is the conclusion to an Independent Study entitled: *Physical Research and It's Relation to the Question of Survival of Bodily Death.* The first chapters present evidence indicating that psychical phenomena are an established fact.

Previous sections have attempted to deal with certain phenomena not readily explainable in terms of a wholly physical theory of man or of the universe. It has been demonstrated that the brain is not absolutely essential to the functioning of the mind, for the mind has been shown to function, in some outstanding cases, without corresponding facilities in the physical brain. It has been demonstrated, both in well-documented spontaneous cases and in the laboratory, that the mind is capable of obtaining knowledge in ways other than through the recognized channels of sense. It has been likewise demonstrated, though admittedly not as convincingly, as this is a relatively new field of study, through spontaneous cases of poltergiest phenomena and laboratory experiments in psychokinesis, that the mind is able to affect the environment through a medium other than the physical body. And finally, it has been demonstrated through data on precognition that our conception of the chronological nature of time may be inadequate. The question that arises is, "What theory of man or of the universe can be reasonably used to account for all this?"

The first theory with which we will deal is the materialist or physical theory of the universe, as this theory is by far the most prevalent in modern Western thought. It is so prevalent, in fact, that it is necessary to point out that it is only a theory. Materialistic naturalism attempts an explanation of the entire universe, including man, in terms of certain mechanistic physical laws. According to this view, man is a wholly biological organism, explainable, like the rest of the world and the rest of the universe, in terms of mechanical cause and effect. Mechanism has proven effective in the fields of nature that physical science has been studying, but it can not therefore be said that there are no other principles in existence. Such a statement would imply that we understood all of nature, and we certainly do not. As a matter of fact, mechanism is a limited, rather inadequate theory, even in some of the more established sciences. Dr. Raynor C. Johnson, physicist at Queens College, University of Melbourne, points out that the cause-and-effect theory of evolution, natural selection and mutation, is in itself inadequate to explain the variety of life on earth.[62] He points out the logical difficulty of the idea that small variations and mutations over a long period of time cause different species to appear, if the problem is to be looked at from a mechanistic point of view. Once these changes have become marked, it can be understood how the organism may have survival value over another. But to make these marked changes, each successive smaller change must be conserved, even though it in itself has no survival value. This can be understood if nature has some goal toward which it is systematically working, but not if all phenomena in nature are regarded from the mechanistic point of view as the effect of some prior cause.[63]

It is not, in the opinion of this writer, necessary that all observable phenomena be explainable in terms of physical law. If they were not so explainable, it would not necessarily contradict physical law; it would only indicate that there is something else in the universe. It would, however, invalidate the physical theory of the universe, that maintains it is only physical. Let us see, then, whether the data of psychical research can be explained in physical terms.

Let us first consider telepathy and clairvoyance. Tyrrell points out several reasons why explanation of these in physical terms is untenable.[64] To begin with, such an explanation would require some form of physical radiant energy emanating from or to the brain. This would require first of all a transmitter and receiver, and there

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[62]Raynor C. Johnson, *The Imprisoned Splendour* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1953), pp. 61-73.
[63]*Ibid.*, pp. 68-73.
[64]Y. N. M. Tyrrell, *Science and Psychical Phenomena* (New York: University Books, 1961), pp. 118-123.

is no indication of either function in the physical brain. Then, too, all known forms of physical radiant energy obey the law of inverse squares when travelling through a uniform medium. This means simply that the signal must fall off with the square of the distance from the agent. However, distance does not seem to have an undue effect on ESP. Telepathic and clairvoyant images have been received hundreds of miles from their source. Therefore, if, say, telepathy is obeying this law, it would be so strong near the agent as to be in all cases received, and in some cases, even dangerous.[65]

Tyrrell points out further that this "energy" apparently has no effect on the substances through which it passes—it is as though nothing absorbs it. Yet, if nothing else absorbs it, how then does the brain? And it isn't absorbed by just any brain—just by that for which it was intended. Then, too, it is difficult to understand how such signals are encoded and decoded, for in no case that we know of can an idea pass from one mind to another by physical means without first a translation into code.

In the case of clairvoyance, he notes that it must be presumed that some physical object is sending out radiations, which the brain perceives. Thus, in order for the percipient to deduce that the third card from the bottom in a deck of Zener (ESP) cards is a circle, particular radiations from that card must differentiate it from a square, etc., and the brain must decode these signals, after first differentiating the signal from this card from the signals sent by the twenty-five other cards in the deck.

The point of Tyrrell's argument is that "The event cognized and the event constituted by the cognition do not appear to be casually connected."[66] In other words, we cannot point to a chain of physical and physiological processes that form a casual link between the object and the perception of the object in ESP as we can with physical perception.

There is even more difficulty explaining poltergiest phenomena and psychokinesis, in which the mind, unaided by the physical body, does everything from moving dice to tossing candlesticks downstairs.

Precognition, however, offers the greatest difficulties to physical explanations of ESP phenomena, for in this case, an event is perceived *before* it actually occurs. Understanding this in terms of physical cause and effect offers almost insurmountable obstacles. It cannot be assumed that the perception of an event, such as a plane crash, caused the event to occur. What appears to be happen-

[65] *Ibid.*, p. 118.
[66] *Ibid.*, p. 123.

ing is that an event causes a perception that occurs previous to it in time. In other words, a perception is caused by an event that doesn't exist yet. Understanding this phenomena is difficult from any point of view; it would appear to be impossible from the point of view of physical cause and effect.

It might be said that the view of physical law presented here, particularly with regard to telepathy and clairvoyance, is too limited. New physical laws might be discovered which would account for the phenomena quite well. Indeed, new laws probably will be discovered. The point is that the phenomena are such that these laws will not be physical as we currently understand the meaning of the word. So, if we must change our definition of the word "physical" to accommodate the phenomena, why not just use another word entirely?

The alternative to a physical explanation is, of course, a non-physical one. This explanation is merely that there is some aspect of man's personality that is not physical or dependent upon the physical. We have little understanding, as yet, of the nature of this aspect or of its mode of functioning; we can merely say that it is there.

Frederic W. H. Myers, one of the founders of modern psychical research, describes this aspect as part of a spectrum of the human personality, roughly comparable to the light spectrum.[67] There is first of all the infra-red end of the spectrum—those basic physiological processes below the level of consciousness, such as heartbeat and digestion. Further up, but still on the infra-red end, are the subconscious needs and desires of Freudian theory, that only occasionally reach the level of consciousness. Beyond this, in the visible spectrum, the level of consciousness is reached. It is this point and below that we ordinarily understand as human personality. But is it not possible that there is another end to the spectrum, corresponding, as Myers put it, to the ultra-violet end of the light spectrum? If there is a level of man below the conscious level, is it not possible that there is also a level above consciousness?

The first level above consciousness we would postulate is that level at which the ESP phenomena we have studied take place. At this level, there seems to be less and less emphasis and dependence on the physical, and more possibility of mind coming directly in contact with mind, and with the rest of reality. At this level, knowledge may be obtained directly without the intervention of the physical, or of physical concepts, such as time and space.

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[67]Frederic W. H. Myers, *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, Vol. 1 (2d ed.; New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1954), pp. 17-19.

The further toward this ultra-violet end of the spectrum we travel, the more unity and integration of mind with mind, and of mind with reality. This is the level of mystical experience, described by Raynor C. Johnson as follows:

> When a man discovers that one level is rooted in a higher one—that is, is sustained by it, and understood because of it — and discovers this, not as a result of thought or cogitation, but as a completely convincing fact of *immediate experience* — this is a mystical experience. It is a state of insight — not derived through the mind at all — but a state which is completely illuminating and satisfying to the feelings.[68]

Finally, the level described by Johnson as the "Buddhic" level[69] occupies the extreme ultra-violet end of the continuum. This is the end, if we may be permitted to slip into a religious sphere of reference, at which there is complete integration of the mind with all reality. There is a oneness.

It has been previously noted that the further up we come from the infra-red end of physiological processes to the Buddhic level, the less dependence there is upon the physical body. We can postulate rather easily, therefore, a point beyond which the mind is no longer dependent upon the physical at all. If, then, there is some part of man's being that is not dependent upon the physical, there is no reason to suppose that it dies when the physical body dies.

It is not necessary that the reader accept this particular hypothesis of human personality. It is only necessary to recognize that there is some part of man's being that is not dependent upon the physical, and that therefore might survive the death of the physical body.

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[68]Johnson, *The Imprisoned Splendour*, p. 299.
[69]*Ibid.*, p. 298.

Nasturtiums

It comes so slow!
You want to grow
Nasturtiums, blow
A piccolo,
Shoot an arrow,
Cut and sew
A red bolero,
Clean with Bab-o
Your old wheelbarrow,
Jump a pogo
Stick! Just so
You can know
You make time go . . . faster.

O. K., it's here — it's going fast —
Stretch it out — Make it last —
Freeze it up — Nail it down —
Stop . . . it . . . now . . .

You lose; it's gone. Was it all that long ago
That you and he rode bicycles down a narrow
Nassau street and watched an old, pink-eyed albino
Try on straw hats with coquina shells of yellow
Sewn on them? Now you look back; now you know.
But what's so great? You know you and where you'll go —
Right back to your own nasturtiums, and you'll grow
Them just as fast — as if you didn't know.

JUDY WOOD

Are You Saved?

Rose Mitchell

Becky's face was a deep red, and big beads of sweat settled between her nose and upper lip. The sun passed behind a cloud and we both looked up, sweeping the backs of our hands across our foreheads at the same time. Just then, two small beads of sweat met together in the little crevice under her nose, and started rolling down. She curled her lip way out, the way she did when she pouted, and tried to catch it.

"Becky," I chuckled, "What do you say we call it quits for today?"

"Oh, Lordie no, let's at *least* tote all them rocks over, so as we can stick 'um in th' wall." Then, as if she were afraid I'd say no, she ran off to gather some more rocks. Why a ten-year-old, and especially Becky, took so much interest in lugging heavy rocks around, was beyond me! Every year at Camp Viola the nature study classes were supposed to patch up the little chapel-in-the-woods. The campers would enjoy it for a while, but most of them got tired in just a few minutes. Take this afternoon, for instance . . . I'd come in the woods with ten girls, and, after forty-five minutes, Becky and I were the only ones left. By now, we'd been working in the hot July sun for over two hours, and I was getting a little tired, myself.

Now Becky came stumbling up the path with a huge rock the size of a small trashcan. I made up my mind that we would definitely stop working in a minute, because her face was now redder than ever and her skin had a shiny glisten, almost as if she'd fallen into some varnish. And, knowing Becky, I didn't entirely exclude the idea. She was sort of chubby and always falling down or bumping into things. Now she stuck her bottom lip out and blew air all over the top of her face, so that a strand of hair in her eyes went flying straight out. When she thought it was gone, her face got completely smooth, and the limp hair flopped right back into her eyes.

"Becky, why don't you just put that rock down and . . ."

Before the sentence was out, the rock crashed to the ground with a great thud. "Oh, oh, *eweee! !* Look, *look* at it!" Becky was wildly jumping up and down, both feet at the same time, with her hands on her knees. At first, I thought the rock must have hit her foot, so I jumped up and ran over to console her but something around her feet made me look down. There, twisting slowly through the pine straw, was a three-foot black snake.

"Becky, step back!"

"Aww, he ain't gonna hurt nobody . . ."

"Becky," I repeated loudly. She must have understood my tenseness, because, without another word, she moved back about five feet.

"Is he gonna kill us?" she whimpered.

"No," I laughed, "He's probably just a blackrunner or something, but I'm not getting close enough to find out!"

"Yea," she said, reassured. Silently we watched him slither across the ground, and back into the woods. Then, Becky looked up at me and raised one eyebrow: "Say, why do you suppose he done come in th' chapel?"

"I don't know," I said, shrugging my shoulders, "— but I guess he just happened to wander in . . . maybe he likes pineneedles or something."

"Oh." She looked at the ground and ran her foot under the pinestraw. I bent down and started to pick up the rock.

"You don't reckon," she began slowly, "that snakes believe in Jesus, do you?"

I felt a little embarrassed. "No, I don't guess they do."

"Oh," she sounded disappointed.

"Well, maybe Jesus believes in them, though."

"Yea." She thought a little longer as I moved the rock over to a gap in the wall. "Mind if I ask you somethin'?"

"No." I tried to sound casual, but prepared myself for most anything. Then, she crouched down close to my ear, so that I could hear her breathing, and whispered loudly, "Are you saved?"

"Saved? ?" I said uncomfortably,—"what do you mean?"

"Well, our preacher says that if you're really saved, so you can go to heaven, well, then you can see Jesus, right there in front of ya very eyes!" She was talking in a very high, excited tone as if she'd been wanting to talk about "being saved" for a long time.

"But, Becky," I began, "I don't imagine he means that you really *see* him — not literally!"

"Not lit . . . what? I 'spect you do *so* see him thataways! My Momma seen him and so'd a lots of other folks! I know, cause I was right there in th' church with 'um."

"Oh, really . . . what church was that?"

"Whitesville Street Primitive . . . And all them elders come ahind th' benches with white sheets, and the people that was saved, well, they all done fell back into th' sheets . . . and you ain't never heard so much hollerin' in all your born days! Anyway, pretty soon, me and this little boy, Calvin Yamms, well we was the *only* ones didn't see Jesus!" Now, she was almost in tears and I hunted for something to say.

"Well, Becky, maybe you'll see Him later but even if you don't, it doesn't really matter."

"It don't?" she gasped.

"No." Then I whispered back to her, "Tell you a secret — I've never seen Him either."

"You ain't?" she sighed, "—gosh, I feel a whole *heap* better!"

Non-Existential Dinner

"Yes,'
And "I think so,"
And "Oh how nice,'
As they quibble and nod over pepper and rice,
Performing the portent artifice
Of seemingly fertile communication.
Supposing the organdy curtain's relation
To be just a backdrop for such a complacent
Lunch on blue china; and yet right adjacent
The sun spins itself through blinds and white lace,
Then falls on the table, or some powdered face.

But it will be gone when the girls come late,
For supper at six at a table for eight;
And persist in eternal revolutions
While men go on quietly seeking solutions,
And puppety girls dine in no more elation
Than nodding in proper polite separation.
"Yes,"
And "I think so,"
And "Oh, how nice!"
As they quibble and nod over pepper and rice.

BEA UPSON

The Cannery

Rhett Sapp Thurman

A rumble in the background told us it was time for our work to begin, and together we ducked low beneath conveyer belts to our place on the line.

"What you been readin'—some ol' love story?" Gazing at Nannie's toothless grin, I awkwardly touched a paperback of *Franny and Zooey* in my jeans pocket.

"Oh, Nannie, you know me better than that!"

I stole a better look at her as the first peaches rolled onto the line. She was so fat, you couldn't tell where her bosom left off and her tummy began. And whenever I asked about her husband, she'd say, "Aw, that short sonofabitch!" Maybe she couldn't read or write, but she was the best darn peach-ringer in Spartanburg County. Uncle Henry said so. Turning to me occasionally she'd give a wink with big hazel eyes that seemed the only liveliness in her faded face. Bad season or not, she was tickled pink for the boss' niece to be on the other side of the fence.

Now and then she yelled across to Willie Bell, her chief competitor. But Willie Bell only rolled her eyes and went on singing *Amazing Grace,* amazingly off-key, above the clatter. At this point, Ma-ree, the third-place ringer on my other side, would jab me in the ribs and say, "Dey-law!" I remember when I was little and scared to death of Ma-ree because I thought she was the witch from the Wizard of Oz.

Sooner than I expected the sun went down and the last load of peaches came in from the fields. Half an hour later all the rumbles ceased. Nannie and I took adjoining seats on upside down crates and grinned with a mutual feeling of work accomplished. Picking up her apron she mopped her flushed, damp face and neck: "S'help me, Rit, I ain't never seen it s'*hot!*"

Wiping some of the fuzz from my own neck with my sleeve, I nodded my head and answered: "I ain't neither, Nannie."

Observation At Noon

A haycart, moving steadily
with idly clacking wheels,
up the steep hill slowly steals.

The wagoner beside his cart
is slouching at his ease
with white dust on his trouser knees.

Only the wagon seems to move.
Beyond me in the sun
Water-mirage, but only one.

Even the buttercups are still.
But in the pale depth of noon
a thrush at leisure sings his tune.

The elm trees cast their shadows down
dark patches on the grass
that seems to wait for heat to pass,

And woods far-off are blue with haze;
the hills are decked in light.
The burning skyline blinds my sight.

I lie at rest, and drained of heat.
Under my crumpled hat,
renoticing around me this or that.

ELIZABETH ANN KERR

Elephant Ears

I could spend forever
In shade of Elephant Ears,
Grow old
Suspended in mid-morning sun;
Never leave
A freshly sheeted bed
That makes one think
Of air-touched peppermint mouth;
Could slowly turn to splinters
On the rhythm of an oil drum dock.
And when they ask
If I might be ashamed
To let my life slip so,
I'll say, "Maybe, later
With the others—"
But there's never any time
For qualms
Under Elephant Ears.

ROSE MITCHELL

The Salt People

(To Dag Hammarskjold)

Scattered abroad . . .
Hidden savor in the world's mass
The sentinels
Stand, listening across the babbling clamor
For the approaching, appointed time.
Isolated and exposed
But unobtrusive, even in high places,
The good keeper of his secrets
Reveals that word only which can be heard.
Below, the close frontier
Awaits
Marking the silent pilgrimage.

No respecter of race or nation
Elective watch mail-links the earth
Center held in single-eyed inner struggle;
Patiently piece by crystalite piece
Constructs that instarred tower of the self:
Pealing down showers of alchemic light
On waves indiscernible . . .
Nurturing . . . multitudes . . .
Though in these latter days
The world is sweet-glutted
And wants no more of salt
Than the few grains it requires for contrast.

NAOMI KNIGHT MOODY

Precaution

You people love too easily,
  too wholly and too soon.
  You take to be your own
  too many things that, lone
  and proud and with insistence,
  not for life but for existence
  singing their own tune,
Stay unloving to stay free.

There's no use in loving flowers.
  Never give wild birds your hearts.
  They've a business of their own,
  and by whom its seed was sown
  holds no interest for a tree.
Learn to fear their thievery —
there's no ending once it starts.
  Better fill the secret bowers
  of mind with thoughts no other men can see
  than have them sacked and looted by the free.

ELIZABETH ANN KERR

New York Again

Jacqueline Poitou

The jewels of the light
Over the velvet night
Brought the security
Of familiarity:
The whole city was mine;
I knew already
Fifth Avenue was fine
And so was Broadway.

The dazzling lights of the Lincoln Tunnel were now nearly as familiar to me as the flag which in Paris hangs under the Arc de Triomphe, near where I used to live. It was a strange attachment which now linked me to New York, and my second visit resembled the one paid by an appreciative orphan to his adoptive mother. After the first disconcerting experiences of that city, I had moved from the period of necessary adjustment, to real and true enjoyment of it. Entering once more the outskirts, it seemed that I came back light-hearted, light-footed, to lose myself for the second time in the blissful impersonality of the crowd, confident and happy, sure of my unquestioning love for New York; its inexhaustible attraction, its tacit but innumerable promises.

So gay were the taxis, with their gaudy colours, green and yellow, or orange and green, tooting their horns, gathered in the traffic jams like bees around a pot of honey! So noisy, too! But soon I left Broadway for the quiet immensely melancholic perspective of Park Avenue, leading directly to Central Park, where students and idlers were lying on the grass, completely happy, it seemed, and enjoying their total lack of inhibition. I took advantage of the calm which reigned in the park to look up on my map the most convenient way to the Empire State Building, not too far off.

The sharp impersonality of the marble hall, the lonely ride in the lift, which takes visitors to the one-hundred-and-second floor in a few minutes, so fast that it affects sometimes dangerously the blood pressure of particularly sensitive passengers, the coldness of the commercial look of the whole place, were largely compensated for by the incomparable view, the magnificent sight of urban life exposed far down among the forest of skyscrapers, and regular pattern of the cross-angled streets. As I looked South, Manhattan, at the extreme point of Long Island, seemed to retain in its powerful prison of concrete raised toward the light sky, the very symbols of human ambition and lust. Wall Street and all the temples of a religion of money were concentrated there; I could contemplate from one of the highest points yet reached by man's constructive power, the Jerusalem of Capitalism. But Broadway, seen from there, revealed a charmingly romantic spirit of rebellious fantasy and independence, contrasting in a quaint way with a certain seriousness in the design of its neighbours.

All around the city expanded, explaining by location and district the natural disposition of the islands, so clearly visible between the East and Hudson Rivers. The harbour caught, filled and retained my attention for a long time before I resigned myself to leaving. From such a high point, I could send to my family a winged thought over the Atlantic itself! But finally I descended to resume my own little crawling existence among the urban crowd.

At night I could still admire the illuminated Empire State, the distinction of its tall, solid figure, erected so far above surrounding blocks; standing like a symbol of self-pride, courage and elegance — a symbol of the whole city.

Eternal Flame

We sing of you, sweet myth,
We build to you.
We bow to you.
We make you myth
so we can no longer feel you,
So we can speak of you
in goods and greats and trues —
in bricks and glass and window washing —
We make you myth
so you cannot be man.
So you cannot haunt us
or teach us
or hurt us.

CAROLINE DILLON

Autumn Call

In fields and barns the harvest reap
Goes on, and people of the Gold,
The Autumn folk, the after ones
Who snip the ripe and end the growth
Will laugh and talk of this good year.
The drying blood of nobler brothers
Prints ideals on morning pages,
Strengthening every patriot, and
Freedom strikes another valley,
Asking no entrance, coming for best,
Telling, shouting, ordering
Shorter summers.

Hurrying to join, I wrap up what is left
And stuff it in the bottom drawer.

CAROL COLE

Twenty Questions

(*Project 23* of C.M.H.P.I.O.)

Investigation: for the purpose of ascertaining whether the world of Substance is hostile toward particular persons, notably the college professor. Our committee hopes to discredit John Ruskin's notion of Pathetic Fallacy; to show that it is *not* the inanimate object, *or* the fallacy, that is pathetic, and to change the approach to the outlook in this area, endeavoring to assist the professor to play a different role centering around objects, and by identifying with them (empathy) to move toward new goals and challenges, *with*, rather than *against*, Substance. We hope to alter his value-judgments of, and therefore his ability to communicate with, so-called inanimate objects, for if the professor can structure this new approach, he can more readily find out who he is. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

1. How often are you able to a. find; b. use, the little red string on Band-Aids? Always? Sometimes? Never? (Differentiate, if necessary, and check one.)
2. Do cans, boxes, book-envelopes etc., open for you in the manner described on the container? Do moth-sprays twist to protect not the coat or blanket—but you?
3. Do you find that the key is usually missing on flat cans, but after the sardines have been reached otherwise, suddenly exposes itself under label, or drops noisily to counter?
4. Do milk-cartons a. press in where OPEN HERE is printed, or b. crumple, so knife or scissors must be employed?
5. Do you find that the arrows on or under metal lids show any connection with what is known as Reality?

6. To what extent do you have to open cellophane pkgs. with the teeth? _____

_____

7. How often (est.) does your toothbrush or nailfile dive into the scrap-basket; toothpaste cap or vitamin pill jump down the drain?
8. To what extent do objects definitely hide from you around the house or office—keys, spoons, scissors, paring knives, glasses, pins, ashtrays and the like? Do you have any particular trouble with any one object in this way? How often do you lose, or seem to lose, (f.) one earring; (m.) one cuff link? _____

_____

_____

_____

9. Do you find that objects you proudly and angrily refuse to look for, suddenly reappear if you use substitutes for them?
10. Have you ever thought such objects 1. surprised, or 2. disappointed, when you refused to look for them?
11. a. Has anything seemed to make a face at you if it turned up when no longer needed, or do objects (locks, can-openers, bureau-drawers, etc.) ever appear to be laughing at you?
    b. Do you ever speak to an object? For instance, in a case of double or multiple action, as when, because the basket of coffee-grounds burns you and dumps (upside down) on the stove, fridge door does not close automatically, and egg rolls off shelf and smashes on floor,—do you shout "NICE GOING!" as at a tennis match?
12. Do objects that behave reasonably toward other people, quickly go out of whack if you attempt to touch them? Locks, knobs, doormats, stamp-dispensers, airplane trays, hinges, back doors of station wagons, and the like? Do wall can-openers, timid with others, leap from their screws, or switch around and bite you?
13. Do you often experience Existential Perversity in so-called inanimate objects? (i.e. Does a book successfully pass itself off as another book, until you get to class, and find out it is *not* the volume you selected? Have you ever tried to tear up into dusters or paint rags a sheet which has evidently given up all idea of self-fulfillment as a sheet, only to find it, in hems and selvages, quite sure of its identity?)
14. Have you ever noticed what might be termed *collusion* among inanimate objects? (i.e. Do wire coat-hangers seem to act toward you as if according to plans detailed in a committee meeting?)

15. In connection with such objects as the above named, do you feel (check any or all) :
    a. Anger
    b. Resentment
    c. Helplessness
    d. Self-pity
    e. Compassion for the objects
    f. Challenge, or a need to learn more about outwitting, or tricking, such objects?
16. Do you consider that the old schoolmen's query, "Could God make a stone that He Himself could not lift," has anything to do with the subject taken up in this questionnaire? For instance, do you think such a query may have arisen from the trials of the schoolmen (*essentially professors*) in dealing with inanimate objects, and that they were trying to save face by implying not only this, but a still further blasphemy?
17. Do you expect to overcome objects (check one) :
    a. Before you retire
    b. After " "
    c. Never

    or

    d. Do you look forward to another life in which you will be able to get the last laugh on Substance?
18. Do you have any recurring dreams of an afterlife in which objects still have the ascendency, and you are still required to manipulate them?
19. If you became an angel (est. chances), would you see any point in dancing on the point of a needle?
20. Do you think that a. you could make the point if required to, or, b. that if, say, 3,000 angels (including you) took part in such a dance, only 2,999 would succeed, and the 3,000th would be hiding under the throne, with pricked soles? [*sic*]

Please answer adequately, and return to the *Committee on Manifestations of Hostility on the Part of Inanimate Objects,* at your earliest convenience.

ROBERTA T. S. CHALMERS (*Chairman*)

Little Thing

The little thing came
The little thing went
Crawled into the little thing's tent,
Played the little thing's game,
Talked the little thing's talk,
Then the little thing tested the big thing's walk —
And fell.

But the little thing grew
The little thing thought
And pretty soon learned what the big things taught.
The little thing knew
No thing must kill,
But the bigger things told him
To cross the hill.

ELIZABETH ANN KERR

Woodland

Ellen Barrier

Woodland and the Millers have been synonymous for almost two hundred years. Since the first Miller and his Indian wife settled Woodland, it has been a kind of feudal manor with the Millers as its lords. Miller houses line its four streets; everybody else lives on dirt roads. The three stores belong to the Millers; everybody else works in them and buys from them. The postmaster is a Miller; so is the railroad ticket agent. In the state legislature a Miller represents the county. Every year the family reunion decides whose turn it is to take a vacation with pay.

The town itself doesn't look like much. The stores that occupy the corners where the streets cross are equally nondescript, and only a native knows that the one with the big windows is the feed store, the one with burglar bars the post office, the drugstore is the one without a screen, and the grocery has no distinguishing features at all. Everybody figures that either you live there and know, or else you're an outsider and don't have any business knowing.

Uncle John's feed store is not only the most important, but also the most interesting place in town. Harvester tractors and harrowing machines take up most of the front of the place; their bright yellow and green splotches make lights unnecessary, and Uncle John naturally doesn't use them. In the back where the moldy bags of seed and fertilizer stand in martial rows, his big roll-top desk that serves as his office holds the only light—an old kerosene lamp.

What makes the feed store interesting is not the machines or the supplies, but the continual checker game on the front porch. Uncle John conducts most of his business out there; everybody stops by sooner or later during the day. About nine the checker players decide what the day's weather will be like, and after that they either go fishing or go on playing checkers. Uncle John stays

anyway, sitting on the porch, and about ten the women come by and he catches up on the gossip—who was out last night and with whom, who's expecting or not, and other information of moment. Once a week he collects all he hears in the *Woodland Tribune,* of which he is editor, reporter, and copy-editor. He writes at the roll-top desk, prints in the basement, and distributes the paper from his front porch.

After chatting with Uncle John, the women go on across the street and shop for staples. Nobody in Woodland buys meats or vegetables—these all come from backyard gardens and henhouses. Carrying wicker baskets (carts haven't been introduced there yet) the women make a ritual of selecting the right brand of sugar from one of two kinds, or discussing the relative merits of solid and liquid shortening. More recipes have been exchanged in the grocery store in Woodland than at any suburban *kaffeeklatsch.*

Across the street the post office has opened for business, such as it is. About once a week a package comes for somebody, and then Cousin Eunice has to drive out in the country and deliver it, but most of the time the mail takes about an hour to sort and put in boxes, even counting the time necessary to read all the postcards and check the postmarks on all the letters. The really big event of the year is the arrival of the Sears' catalogues; then everybody gets to the post office early in case there aren't enough to go around. Nobody wants to be without reading material for six months!

Of course, magazines are available at the drugstore, although they are usually out of date. If the feed store is the most interesting store in Woodland, the drugstore is the most versatile. Everything from candy (not more than three months old) to hair straightener, passes across its single counter. Advertising and modern display methods haven't affected merchandising there yet; if you can't find something on the shelves it's probably in the back—but you have to look yourself.

Uncle Emmet, the town doctor, has his offices upstairs. Sometimes this is inconvenient—when the patient is a horse for example—for then he has to hold clinic on the drugstore steps. At least nobody is bothered by reading his handwriting on prescriptions; he just calls downstairs to give the patient some of those yellow pills, and the matter is settled. Bills in the drugstore, like bills in the feed store, depend on ability to pay, and frequently Uncle Emmet just forgets to send them. At Christmas his patients usually repay him for his services with their own goods, and for a few weeks all his children gorge on candy, cakes, and fresh game.

But Woodland children aren't usually indulged much, especially in any luxury of having their entertainment supplied. It is catch

as catch can for amusement, and most of the time none of the adults bother to say no to any idea that the children dream up for diversion, except for walking on the railroad tracks. *They've* been off limits since the day Cousin Johnny took the mailsack off its hook for the southbound train and Cousin Sara almost lost her job. The railroad links Woodland with Macon and Atlanta, and the Millers can't afford to lose control of it.

Great-grandmother's house is also off limits, but only in the sense that none of the children would dare disturb the baronial manor. It sits on the hill overlooking Woodland, and naturally Great-grandmother can keep track of all that happens in her domain. On sunny days she can see all the way to the fields on the other side of town, which she practically owns. She sits on the portico (it's far too elegant to be called a porch) and holds court for her children, grandchildren, and other relatives who come to her for a final decision on everything that goes on. Anyone who fails to come is summoned by Charles, the aged butler and go-between for Great-grandmother. Advanced age and poor hearing don't impair her control over any situation. Regular inquisitions account for most of this control exercised over the Sunday dinner table. Here babies and budgets all come under her careful scrutiny.

The dining room table at her house seats only fourteen, so relatives come to dinner in shifts to report on their activities. Alternate Sundays belong to business—Uncle John's accounts, Uncle Emmet's unpaid bills, and reports on the farms. Other Sundays are purely social—what Cousin Eunice has learned from reading people's mail, Uncle John's front porch gossip, and Great-grandmother's own tart observations. Prime time goes to immediate family; then distant family can be considered, and finally townfolks.

"Townfolks" includes all who are not Miller either by birth or marriage. Most of them actually live on the surrounding farms which Great-grandmother owns and Uncle John manages. Anything that happens in the lives of townfolks matters to the Millers, and just as they depend on the townfolks for a living, so they consider themselves responsible for the general welfare.

Millers support both the churches (one Methodist, the other Baptist) as well as staff them, but anybody is welcome in either place—so long as they don't sit in the front row. But physical health as well as spiritual well-being concerns the Millers; two years ago the family endowed a clinic in the next county which treats all the ills Cousin Emmet can't handle. Woodland grammar school is the special province of Aunt Claude; for two generations Woodlanders —tenants and Millers alike—have learned to read and write under

her guidance. Last year the family bought a school bus so tenant children could go to the consolidated high school in the next town.

But the wider world of the next town has never interested the Millers themselves. Content to stay in their own province, unchallenged and secure, they have been tutored at home, and the State Board of Education always grants them diplomas when they take their oral exams. A few Millers even go on to college—never girls, of course, but some of the really bright boys who aren't needed at home anyway.

So Woodland is a Miller world. Although aware that other places exist, Millers assume that these places are inferior to Woodland, because if they weren't, the Millers would have moved away long ago.

Mount Rushmore

Look back to see The Faces,
The driver said to us:
In the hills that carving traces,
Look back to see The Faces.
But we peer — while distance races —
At who's in the rear of the bus.
Look back to see The Faces!
The driver said to us.

JANE HOYME

Equanimity

So I sat knowing you would speak the end.
Although I might have loved you so much more,
I watched while you, with one hand on the door,
Thought out the goodbye I could never bend
Into the shapes of summer hours we'd spend
Just walking, counting lights along the shore
At night; I want to think of that now, for
You've said the words no dignity can mend.
What should I do: ignore the little things
That I recall and tear myself apart
Fighting against insidious need to give,
Or weep about the grief love always brings?
Well, no, I'll go pick up my threads and start
Where we left off today; I guess I'll live.

MARNEY COLLINS

Garden

In our garden
There is a place
Where flowers grow
In uncommon intensity;
Two buds
For each green sprig;
Where roses bloom
Without thorns.

Not so long ago
A girl knelt there
Her father's spade in hand,
Relinquishing to the soil
A pup — still warm
With fur matted from tears.
She did not understand —
Yet, in time
Even that vacuum
Was explained by the quiet
Intensity of flowers.

JEANNE SIMMS

Uncle Dolphus

Ellen Barrier

"Knowledge is power," or so says Francis Bacon, but he does not say power for what, and Uncle Dolphus—the family genius—spent most of his life trying to answer that implied question. By all Miller standards Dolphus was a genius. Great-grandmother can remember that he talked before his older brother did, and could read long before starting school. But report cards—always with straight A's—usually carried comments on his peculiarities as well. As a child, Dolphus—thin, pallid, the youngest Miller and the most unlikely—applied his prodigious learning in strange ways.

In fifth grade, for example, his class was introduced to Darwin and evolution. While other schoolboys memorized the fact that evolution had produced all living creatures from a common ancestor, repeated the idea on a test, and promptly forgot it, Dolphus became hysterical at this notion, and moved into the barn to be with his brothers.

For several weeks Great-grandmother, cowed by respect for her brightest child, was content to leave him alone. But Dolphus' continual companionship began to affect the laying power of the chickens, and there Great-grandmother drew the line. She ordered him back into the house; reluctantly he complied. From then until his death, however, he refused to eat any meat.

Lack of meat in his diet retarded only the addition of weight to his frame. Dolphus' bones continued to grow until he resembled the chickens, with his long, scrawny neck and wing-like arms. Perhaps it was lack of meat that caused his eyesight to fail. By the time he was twelve, glasses perched precariously on his match-stick nose and so magnified his bovine eyes that they dominated his already recessive face.

But his unbounded, untrained, undisciplined intellect flourished. When at thirteen Dolphus coolly informed the pristine Miss Phillips, his English teacher, that Homer was really much more grandiloquent in the original, Great-grandfather decided that while the world might not be ready for Dolphus, Dolphus was obviously ready for the world, and he was forced from the family nest.

At college Dolphus was a faithful correspondent. His letters, which Great-grandmother kept in hope that they would some day be published, indicate that even Harvard didn't live up to his expectations. He wrote frequently of his inability to like some of his fellow students, who seemed to be more interested in science and math, than in the Greek and Latin which had been his only reading matter for years. No doubt any letters his fellow students may have written home mentioning Dolphus, showed an equal bewilderment.

Apparently Harvard didn't quite know what to make of Dolphus, either. Although Great-grandmother treasured the letter from one of his professors, praising his "brilliance, dedication, and academic promise", another letter from the dean is probably a better picture of his life at college. While acknowledging Dolphus' "unusual mental capability", the dean seemed much more interested in his "somewhat eccentric behavior" and its probable causes.

When Dolphus, at nineteen, returned from Harvard with a Ph.D. in his beloved Classics, the nest was waiting for him, and he tried again to find the power that lay in knowledge, especially since the entire family seemed determined to make use of his talents. Everyone was sure that he would be a success at whatever he tried, and they all fought for the privilege of turning his potential to their own advantage.

Cousin Matt allowed as how Dolphus might lend tone to the law firm, but quickly discovered that Cicero's orations were not exactly what his clients considered tone; they unequivocally preferred a knowledge of the Georgia law. Neither did the virtues of Greek political theory enter into the thinking of the judge of the Fifth

Circuit, who privately told Cousin Matt that he thought Dolphus "a little high-flown." After Dolphus lost his eleventh straight case, Matt decided that Uncle John ought not be deprived of his talents.

But the customers at the feed store responded little better to Dolphus' persuasive tongue than Matt's clients had, nor was his classical training of any avail in deciphering prescriptions at the drugstore. Dolphus didn't think translation necessary, and took to labeling bottles in Latin. When both the feed store and the drugstore had relieved him of his duties, the family gave up all hope of finding a place in Woodland for the kind of knowledge Dolphus possessed.

Naturally, it now fell to Great-grandmother's lot to "find something to do with that fool boy." Since she was getting on in years, Great-grandmother thought it might be nice to have an extra pair of hands to relieve her of burdensome little jobs, and hitching up the horses was to her the most burdensome of them all. Dolphus readily agreed that here at last was a use for his talents. But after finding the wagon headed in one direction and the horses another, although Dolphus seemed proud of the results of his labor, Great-grandmother was not sure that he had found his niche after all.

Dolphus' childhood friends, the chickens, fared no better under his ministrations than the horses. Kindness itself, Dolphus thought that the chickens ought to have more variety in their diet, and the entire flock was indeed "killed by kindness." Sincerely regretful, Dolphus buried the chickens, recited Virgil's funeral oration over their graves, and then hopefully looked for something else to do. Alas, for the rest of his life, Dolphus' intellect and all its training remained unused.

He was still living at home when first I knew him and learned about his earlier exploits which had by then become family legends. Although he couldn't help with the farm and didn't have any ability in managing family affairs, Great-grandmother was still convinced that Dolphus would some day be a great success at *something*. Meanwhile, in her opinion, the family could well afford to support its only real genius and most educated member.

And when his health failed, Dolphus, emaciated and bedridden, did near the end find one outlet for his knowledge. Nightly he read bedtime stories to his nieces and nephews when they came to visit. I clearly remember him, as he turned the pages of a leather-bound book printed in strange letters, and read Aesop's fables to a group of five-year-olds in the original Greek.

Subway

All of the station was crowded with color and noise
And people who laughed at the marks on the posters,
Or walked looking down, trying hard not to bump or to touch
By mistake any passenger waiting to board the same train.
I sat on the end of my seat as we lurched and we rattled
Through tunnels of dark winding rail. And I stared
Straight ahead at a nun who avoided my eyes until

Park Street Exit went by on the wall.

(I could tell by the sign as we pulled into noise and color
Again) And I looked up to see no black and white
Nun—in her place a plaid man. The train picked up speed
As it swayed on the rails, and the rumble of tunnels
Went into my head till my body had picked up the rhythm.
One more station gone in and gone out. The plaid man
Was staring at nothing and nothing was all we could see,
As the train went on winding through darkness, and faster
And faster till all of the lights were short streaks
Going by. And the length of the streaks became longer until

Jefferson Exit

I looked at the faded plaid man as I stepped to the
Pavement, and smiled as his hand touched his hat.
My footsteps were part of the station all crowded with color
And noise and people who laughed at the marks on the posters
Or walked looking down, trying hard not to bump
Or to touch by mistake.

CAROL COLE

Time

I.*

Alone, content,
The child bent
To let wet sand
Drip from her hand,
Build trees so tall
They would not fall.
She dreamed a maid
Her trees would shade:
Young, but old
Enough to hold
A blossom tucked
And gently plucked
From high above
By one she'd love.
A rising tide
Washed off one side
Of her best tree:
Now she could see
The water churn
The sand and spurn
Her dream, and so
She didn't know
Whether to stay
Or run away.
(A mother-voice
Gave her no choice.)

This poem appeared in the Spring, 1965 issue of **Signet** before sections two and three were completed, and is therefore reprinted with them.

II.

That day they tossed their bread way high
To sea gulls circling, swooping by
Their towels. Laughing, she had teased
One to the shore and quietly eased
Up close to feed him from her hand.
At dark they moved to dunes of sand
Dry and safe from rising tide.
But no matter how she tried
To happy-talk or watch the shiny
Phosphorus slide in foamy, briny
Waves, she felt a storm-wind, stronger
Than before. (How much longer
Could they stay?) While he strummed
Strange chords, she turned away and hummed
A tune, but no real tune at all.
Soon, the lightning cut a tall
And jagged streak to fill with thunder.
Quickly, then, they gathered under
Sunburned arms each sandy thing
They had. It ended everything.

III.

Her grandson slept. He couldn't fear
Thunder that he didn't hear,
So she left him, went outside
To watch rain spear the rising tide.
She leaned against the wet porch rail
And with hands wrinkled, frail,
Wrapped a scarf around her hair —
In case her daughter found her there.
Black-night winds of late November
Made her silently remember
Another beach, another time:
Laughing, they had raced to climb
A dune against the wind and dark,
And, breathless then, they'd tried to mark
The falling stars. A gust of colder
Wind now swept across her shoulder.
Suddenly, she stretched her palm
To feel the rain. Then, with calm
Steps, she walked into the warm
House, out of the salty storm.

JUDY WOOD

Mother

Ellen Barrier

Being a Miller of Woodland is something that doesn't wear off. Time, education, and a new home can't change the basic Miller training. Mother, for example, was born in Woodland, and went away to college, but had to drop out to help put her younger sisters through their education. To earn a living she returned to Woodland to teach; she hated it, but jobs were too hard to get in 1929 to turn it down. Fortunately Uncle Emmet convinced the school board (he was chairman) that the time had come to expand the faculty of the elementary school from one to two, and Mother was hired.

Any person who comes back to Woodland after going to college must feel like the prodigal son. For the family to imagine anyone wanting to leave town is impossible, and he who does so is always regarded as strange. Actually, anybody who returns to Woodland after living somewhere else finds it difficult to cope with its social in-and-outs, particularly the complicated niceties of the family hierarchy.

Mother was no exception. The harder the family worked to teach her the lessons she had failed to learn the first time around, the more she rebelled. For example, Great-grandmother made Mother

pour tea every afternoon (a job usually reserved for the youngest girl in the family). Mother was thereby supposed to relearn the social graces which college had obviously destroyed, and she retaliated by dropping cups every afternoon until she had broken a whole set.

From this, Mother progressed to managing the family dinners on Sundays, and finally to entertaining Uncle John's business friends and Cousin Chris' political cronies. Entertaining at the Millers involved not just food and hospitality, but a carefully kept record of who came, when, what they had, what they liked, and any additional comments which might be helpful in their future entertaining. This record was the backbone of Miller hospitality, and was as efficiently managed as the family business. In fact, entertaining *was* a family business, the way Great-grandmother organized it!

For four years the entries in the record book were in Mother's bookkeepers scrawl instead of Great-grandmother's regular script. By then all of Mother's younger sisters had finished college, or been able at least to finish on their own. The day Aunt Peggy graduated, Mother planned her last family dinner, drawing on the record book, carefully matching names, recipes, and other details.

Mother's last fling was really something. Dinner (chicken, squash, greens, corn, rolls, ice cream) complete, the family moved into the front parlor for coffee. Mother was to serve, but when she took her appointed place behind the silver urn she poured soapsuds instead of coffee. Then she announced that she was washing her hands of the whole business. That night she packed and left for Atlanta and a new job.

Twenty-five years later she was still in Atlanta, but not at the job she had first envisioned, for now she was keeping house for a husband and mothering two children. Her entertainment records are in three-by-five card files instead of a record book, and she has two sets—one for dinner guests, one for house guests. As yet she hasn't admitted to Great-grandmother she keeps these records, and likes to pretend that all her entertaining is completely spontaneous. But if her entertaining is spontaneous, by comparison, Great-grandmother's must have been more organized than the Lewis and Clark expedition.

Take a typical weekend around our house—say Bob has decided to bring home twenty-five fellow members of the Duke band when they play at Tech. Two weeks before they come, Mother has five master lists (room assignments, meal schedule and menus, shop-

ping, linen, miscellaneous jobs) typed in triplicate and distributed to the maid, Bob, and the kitchen bulletin board, which is sometimes referred to as the command post. A week before the boys come, Mother has complete plans made out for the two days: Friday dinner from six to nine, Saturday breakfast from eight to ten, supper Saturday (limited to a select group of twelve) from six to eight. Two days before the arrival Mother has mailed everyone mimeographed maps of the routes to our house, and copies of the schedules and menus.

In a way, though, Mother's entertaining is spontaneous; these schedules can always accommodate the unexpected. The boy who wanted a quart and a half of spaghetti, two loaves of French bread and a gallon of milk for supper Friday got everything he asked for. Saturday, someone else had to wash his trombone and put the bathtub to use for this purpose. Wandering into the bathroom at seven in the morning, Mother found this a rather unnerving sight, but took it all in stride, merely asking if he needed any extra towels.

Even when the band decided to practice in the front yard, Mother knew exactly what to do. First she called the neighbors to warn them, then the police to ask them to block off the street so the boys would have somewhere to march. In the middle of practice, when three sets of parents arrived to visit their sons, Mother calmly served them coffee and doughnuts while they waited. Unfortunately my date, a Tech student, arrived in the middle of the confusion, but Mother's steady hand kept the band from turning the proceedings into a riot.

After serving lunch to the band, their parents, and assorted neighborhood children who had come over when the excitement started, Mother still made it to the game, attended three parties herself, and served supper in time for the boys to pick up their dates (arranged by her). That night when the last boy had checked in at four A.M., and my Father asked plaintively, "Lois, *what* is there to do in this town at four in the morning?"—Mother just nodded wisely, and made more notations on the cards.

The band left on Sunday, and by that night everything was back to normal. Using her post-weekend check list, Mother restocked the linens, changed all the beds, put the leftovers in the freezer, and finished entering the rest of the names on the ubiquitous three-by-five cards. Sitting at her desk under the command post she could be heard to mutter, "I never *did* hear where that Mesta boy was from," and in the background you could almost hear Great-grandmother echoing, "Yes, Lois, you should have found out *somehow*."

Deflection

Standing as I had
thought to be
firmly rooted
like grain in soil planted months before,
I was somewhat surprised
to find myself
on the other side
of the fence.

SUE RUPPRECHT

Expectation

Now,
I am waiting —
half suspended
in mid-air
like the spider
on his tense
web string
which is
about to break.
Maybe,
when this tautness
finally
snaps,
I shall know
in which direction
I should go.

FRAN MATHAY

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